THE REFORMATION.

A SATYR.

Tempora mutantur, & Nos mutamur in Illis.

HOW *Roman*-like did our Old Rebel Dye,
With His last breath profaning Majesty?
And braving Heav'n it self, He w'd not stay
(Lest 'twere a piece of cowardise) to Pray.
And cannot all this Gallantry Engage
Some Zealot, spurr'd up to Poetick Rage?
But not a word—there's not one Ballad made,
C——s I see, will have but slender Trade,
For Rhymers now begin to Renegade.
I wonder'd not at Converts of the Citty,
Yet still I thought those Epidemick Wits
Wou'd ne're have Grace enough for Proselytes.
But edifying *Ketch* does seldom fail,
And when All miss, He's certain to prevail.
Jack's a great Bug-bear——for his very sight
Did our bold Whiggish Oracles so fright,
That there's not one of all the Canting Fry,
Can Write a failing Brother's Elegy.
Nay, lesser yet——Their Club will not afford
A Farewel Speech; unless 't be for a Lord.
The meaner *Tyburn* Saints have nought to say,
Besides their *Pater Noster*, and Away——
Away they march to their True Friends below,
Cursing the blabbing *H——rd* as they go.
But *Sh——* smiles to see 'em come so thick,
For He's resolv'd to play another trick,
And have one Bout at Politick *Old Nick*:
For *Steph——* Vows they cannot live in *Hell*,
Except they make the Little Dev'ls Rebel,
And after, Vote It to a *Common-weal.*

'Tis

'Tis pleaſant, Faith, to ſee a Babe of Grace
Masking *Geneva*-Looks with Loyal Face;
Then gravely tell you, that He never ſtood
Too fierce a Stickler for the *Brother-Hood*
And ne're meant Miſchief, but for *Publick Good.*
Thus Pious *Wh*—— deeply Read in Lives,
French Leagues, *Scotch Covenants*, and Narratives,
Though (the next *Oxford* Sitting) He deſign'd
T' Impeach Minc'd Pyes as Popiſhly inclin'd,
Has now made Tender Conſcience ſo comply,
He'll allow Surplice, Croſs, and Litany.
Nay any thing, for th' Godly Reformade
Seems ſo to hate the *Salamanca* Trade,
That now a Paſſive Lecture He'll diſgeſt,
As well as *Meroz* at Forbidden Feaſt,
Though *Jackel* ſpoke with Sacred Nonſence bleſt.
Next *B*——*l* wiſely turning with the Tide,
Thinks to ſhake off the once-Beloved-Side,
And doth the whole Deſign ſo much reſent,
You'd almoſt Swear, He Lov'd the Government:
Yet ſtill He cloſely favours the Intrigue,
And quits the *Sh*—— from this Holy League.
Arn—— that early Martyr for the Cauſe,
So maul'd in *Jack'napes Lane* by Popiſh Claws,
Was pity'd, till ſome Tell-tales underſtood
That He, like Prieſt of *Baal*, in zealous mood,
Firſt Scratch'd Himſelf, and then did Murder cry,
And Hang'd a Brace of Tories by the by,
No Engine kills like a Religious Lye.
But He, and Stout Sir *Tr*—— (that cou'd Vote
For Freedom with as Popular a Note
As any of the Houſe) begin to ſhrink,
Humbling themſelves with Penitential Chink.
So *W*——*ms*, who the ſame brave Motto wore
As *Cataline*, and *Caſſius*, did before,
Doth now His Latin Poſie Paraphraſe,
Will's For the King, (*If not againſt His Gr*——
And *Tr*—— laying down that Great Command,
Will All His *Taunton* Forces now Disband.
And thus, Forſooth, whilſt Loyalty's in Faſhion,
W' are like to have a Hopeful Reformation,
But Subtle *Roger* bids Us have a Care,
'Tis dang'rous yet to Truſt theſe Saints too far,
'Tis Ten to One, if *Jove*'s Great Mercy can
Of *Whig*, or *Trimmer*, make an Honeſt Man.

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